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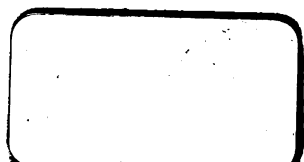
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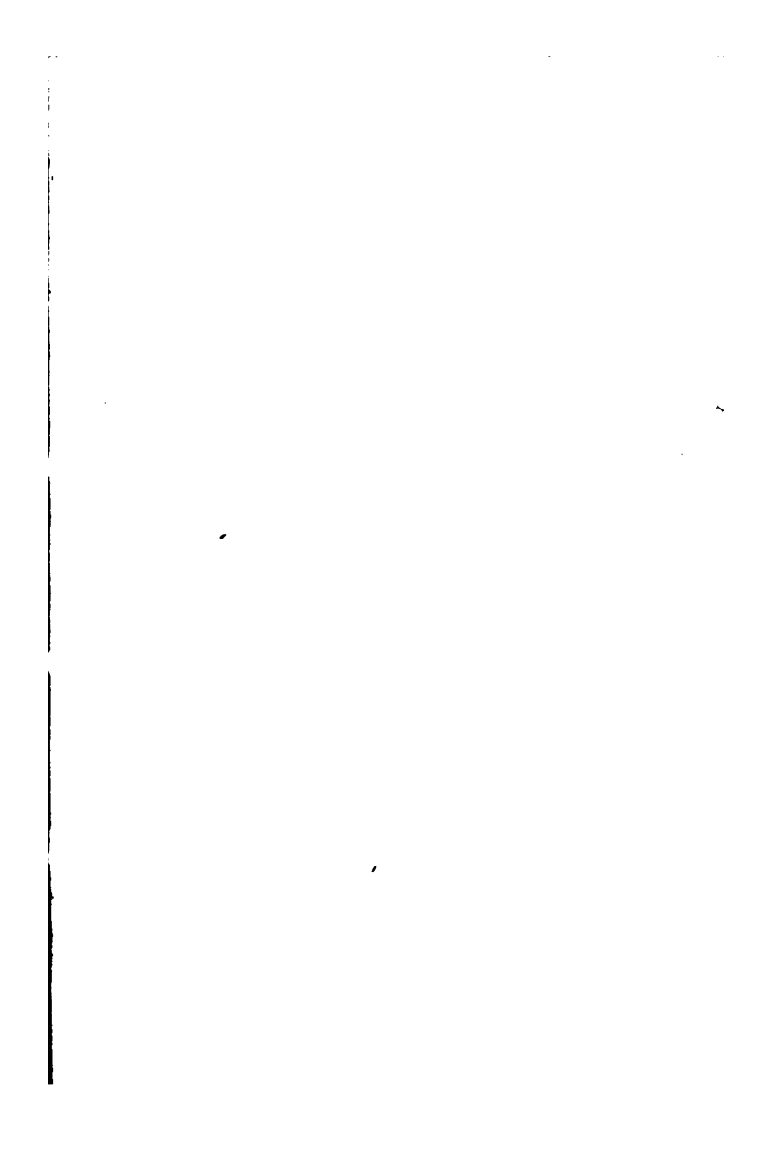
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A
MONTH'S VISIT

TO

CONNAUGHT AND ITS MISSION STATIONS.

BY THE

REV. J. W. TAYLOR,

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH OF GLISK AND CRIBGH.



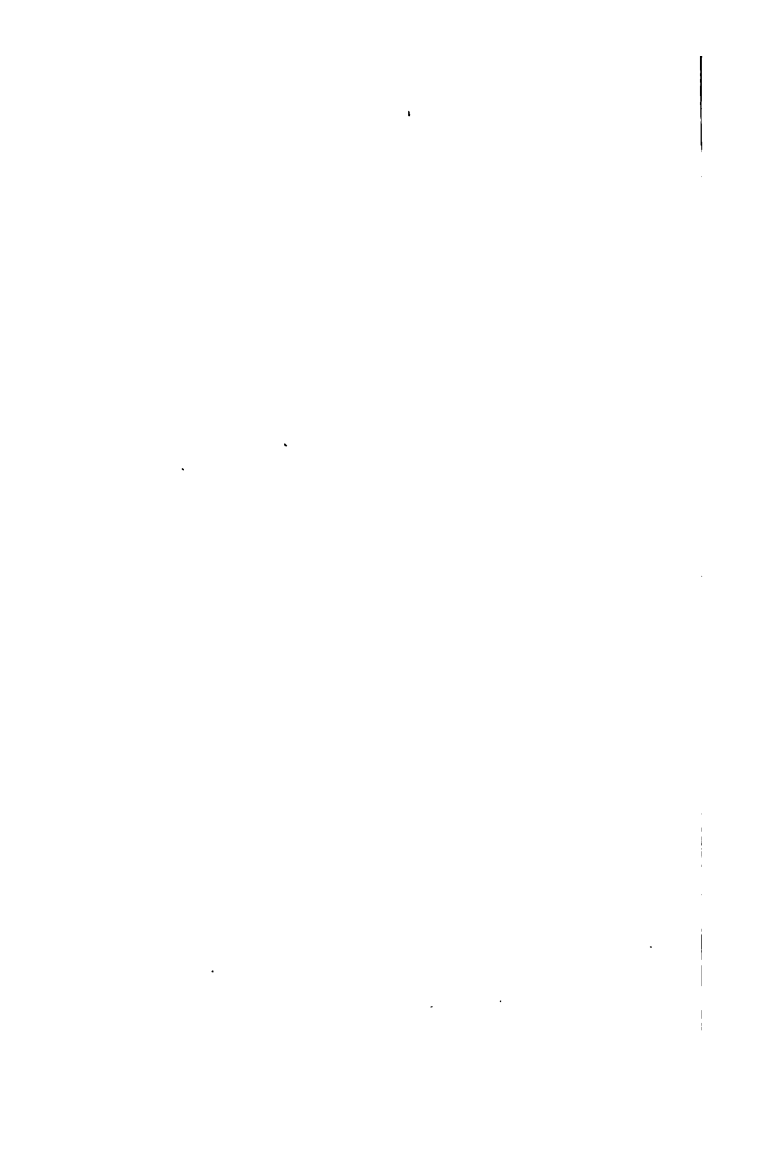
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TO THE
SECRETARIES AND MEMBERS
OF THE
EDINBURGH LADIES' ASSOCIATION,
TO WHOM THE AUTHOR WAS INDEBTED FOR HIS PLEASANT
VISIT TO CONNAUGHT,
THESE NOTES OF HIS SOJOURN THERE
ARE
RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO CONNAUGHT.

	Page
Carrickfergus—Blair of Bangor—Cunningham of Hollywood—Livingstone of Killinchie, Armagh—Archbishop Usher—Enniskillen—Ex-chancellor Plunkett	7

CHAPTER II.

FIELD AND ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

Connaught—General Character of the Province—Origin of the Mission—Rev. Robert Allen—Rev. M. Brannigan—Missionary Spirit of the Irish Presbyterian Students	14
--	----

CHAPTER III.

MISSION STATIONS.

<i>Ballina</i> —Sabbath School—Opposition of the Priest—Congregation—Importance of Ballina as a centre of influence—Sabbath Profanation and Accident.— <i>Mullafara</i> —Ordination—Old Presbyterian settlement—Moyné Abbey—Beautiful view— <i>Ballyglen</i> —Popish Crossings—Beauty of the Glen—Careless hearing of the Word occasioned by Mass being said in a	
---	--

	Page
Foreign Language—Schools—Doonbristy—Downpatrick Head—Stations—Bealderig Coast and School—Foundation-stone of the First Mission Church laid— <i>Dromore West</i> —Schools—Interesting Family—Death of Two Sisters—Backslider awakened—Lough Conn—Castlebar—Preached to the Scots Greys—Turlough—Reek—Stations at Bal—Round Tower—George Robert Fitzgerald—Careless Scotchman—Straid Abbey— <i>Foxford</i> —Contemplated Model Farm—Roscommon County— <i>Camlin Station</i> —First Dispensation of the Communion in the Presbyterian Form in Boyle—Sabbath Desecration—Clogher—Taking the Bull by the Horns—Boyle	21

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.

Sligo Cholera Stricken—Londonderry—Christian Doings of the Fishmonger Corporation—Coleraine—Giant's Causeway—Steamer—Profane Swearing	54
---	----

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Present Condition of Ireland—Its Misery closely connected with its Popery—Character and Statistics of Popery—Character and Influence of the Priests—Continental Priest—Maynooth Priest—Priest in Controversy—Influence of the Priesthood weakened by the Famine—Presbyterian Mission—Its Agency—Model Farms—Ireland as a Field for Agricultural Settlement and Enterprise	62
---	----

A MONTH'S VISIT

TO

CONNAUGHT AND ITS MISSION STATIONS.

CHAPTER I.

JOURNEY TO CONNAUGHT.

Carrickfergus—Blair of Bangor—Cunningham of Hollywood—
Livingstone of Killinchie, Armagh—Archbishop Usher—En-
niskillen—Ex-chancellor Plunkett.

MANY hallowed historical associations crowd upon the mind of the Scottish visitant as he wanders in the North of Ireland. It was to these northern parts, when they were as neglected as are the wilds of Connaught now, that pious Scotchmen, driven from their country by prelatie persecution, fled; and the labours of these men, owned of God, were the first means of making Ulster what she is—a thriving and happy province in the midst of a miserable land—and the memorial of these men still outlives the lapse of many centuries.

“Their names are deathless, though their dust is dead.”

With the view of seeing where infant Presbyte-

rianism was cradled in Ireland, I visited Carrickfergus. In this little seaport did the ministers, who had been deposed by Leslie for non-conformity, meet in 1642. They constituted themselves into a court of Christ's Church, and took counsel together regarding future prospects and proceedings. Under the shadow of the venerable castle of Carrickfergus, on a summer afternoon in 1690, did William III., the assertor of Protestantism, land. In vain did we look for the stone on which he first placed his foot, and which is said to bear, as commemorative of that event, a mark the size of a footprint. Across the waters of the Lough is seen the little town of Bangor. This town enjoyed in 1623 the ministrations of the distinguished Mr Robert Blair. "I will adventure on the Lord," was the noble sentiment to which this good man gave utterance, when conversing with a fellow-regent regarding the trials of his troublous times; and it was this high-born principle which comforted him when he was thrust from the work of the ministry, which was his delight, and when he was chased from place to place, until wasted with heaviness and sorrow for the injuries done to the Lord's prerogative, interest, and cause, Fife afforded him a grave in August 1666. The following curious incident is related regarding Mr Blair's ordination at Bangor. He went to the bishop and

told him, that ordination by the hands of one man did not accord with his principles as a Presbyterian. The bishop knowing well his great talents and piety, replied, "Whatever you account of Episcopacy, yet I know that you account Presbytery to have a divine warrant. You may receive ordination from Mr Cunningham and the adjacent brethren, and *I will come in among them in no other relation than a Presbyter.*" Such doings, strange as they may seem to a modern Episcopalian, were not uncommon in those days, for Mr John Livingstone relates a similar occurrence in his own case.

Farther up the Lough stands the smiling village of Hollywood, the scene of the labours of Mr Robert Cunningham. Cunningham was the companion of Blair and Livingstone, and was equally revered and beloved by both. Blair, speaking one time to the Bishop of Down, said—"You may do to me and some others as you please, but if ever you meddle with Mr Cunningham, your cup will be full." And Livingstone in his memorable characteristics has this note regarding him,—*"He was the one man to my discerning of all that ever I saw, who resembled most the meekness of Jesus Christ in all his whole carriage."* "I was with him," continues Livingstone, "when he died at Irvine in 1637, at which time, beside many other gracious expressions, he

said, 'I see Christ standing over Death's head, and saying, deal warily with my servant.' "

Fain would we have visited Killinchie, for it was in that parish, sweetly situated on the banks of Lough Strangford, that Livingstone put forth the first fresh efforts of his ministry. Here he prayed, and studied, and preached, faithfully fulfilling the duties of his high calling. Nor was it labour in vain. "We had," says he, "the public worship, free of any inventions of man. I do not think there were more lively and experienced Christians any where, than were these at that time in Ireland, and that in good numbers, and many of them persons of a good outward condition in the world. In these days it was no great difficulty for a minister to preach or pray in public or private, such was the hunger of the hearers; and it was hard to judge whether there was more of the Lord's presence in the public or private meetings."

Longer we may not linger among these pleasant reminiscences of the past, although no introduction is more suitable to the notices of Missionary labours which we are now to give. It is the same spirit of prayerful devotedness which lived in the worthies of the seventeenth century, which we believe is at present pervading the Irish Mission; it is the same gospel which liveth and endureth for ever, on which

depend all our hopes for things present and for things to come—and it is no vain vision which we cherish, when, through the blessing of God on the instrumentality at work, we look forward for the same blessed effects being fulfilled in Connaught as have long been visible in Ulster, when, by the preaching of the word and the teaching of the Bible, its cities and scattered villages shall flourish, and the barren wastes of Mayo shall, through a well-directed industry, become fruitful fields.

Leaving Belfast, the Zion of Irish Presbyterianism, we set forward. We had reached Lurgan, having travelled through the cheerful towns of Moira and Lisburn, when the sun set behind the broad expanse of Lough Neagh. But ere the sun had gone down, the moon had risen to rule by night. Its light revealed the whitened farmsteads, and the growing corn fast ripening towards harvest, and cast the trembling shadows of the trees which skirted the road across the path, to the no small annoyance of the spirited tracers. Under the pale moonbeam Armagh was visible. True to the meaning of its name—that of the lofty field—its streets occupy the sides of Druimsallech, the hill of willows; and the venerable cathedral, crowning the top, looks down upon the city as if exercising a hallowing inspection over it. The name of one man rises from beneath the obscurity of

centuries in connection with this city—it is that of James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland. Christianity owes much to the learned labours of Archbishop Usher. Presbyterianism will ever pronounce his name with grateful respect; for, when annoyed and persecuted by other bishops, the Presbyterian ministers were sure of his kindly interference. He knew too well the wants of his country and the worth of the Presbyterians, not to acknowledge them as fellow-labourers in the same great work; and had his scheme of reducing Episcopacy to the form of Presbytery met with the royal acceptance earlier, as it met with it too late, the wide gulf which now separates Episcopacy and Presbytery would have been greatly narrowed. Let those who love their country and the cause of Christ, compare the gentle counsels and administration of Usher with the policy of Laud, which, by dividing Protestant influence, weakened its power, and prepared things for the growth of Popery and the awful massacre of 1641.

Morning found us approaching the town of Enniskillen. One of the two maiden cities of Ireland, it stands on its proud eminence overlooking both divisions of Lough Erne; and it contains in its courthouse the royal standard of William and Mary, which was unfurled at the battle of the Boyne. Of the

Presbyterian Church in this place was Mr Plunkett, the father of Ex-chancellor Plunkett, once minister. This family has displayed, within as many generations, the three great denominational forms of Popery, Presbytery, and Episcopacy; for the Ex-chancellor's grandfather was a convert from Popery, his father was a Presbyterian, himself is Episcopalian, and his sons are in possession of those lordly dignities in the Church which their grandfather thrice solemnly disclaimed as unscriptural. Surely if, in any form, Christianity has been taught by dear bought experience not to trust in men's sons, in whom there is no stay, and more especially when they are gorgeously appavelled and live in king's courts, it has been in the form of poor Presbytery. He who succeeded Lord Plunkett for a short time in the honours of the Chancellorship of Ireland, was also the son of a Presbyterian minister, born and bred in a Scotch manse; but when the Church which reared him came seeking justice at his hand, his recorded opinions and decisions show that he had become a stranger and alien to her principles.

Skirting Loch Nitty, betwixt the Black Lion inn and Manor Hamilton, we enter the province of Connaught.

CHAPTER II.

FIELD AND ORIGIN OF THE MISSION.

Connaught—General Character of the Province—Origin of the Mission—Rev. Robert Allen—Rev. M. Brannigan—Missionary Spirit of the Irish Presbyterian Students.

CONNAUGHT is described as the western, the smallest, least populous, least reclaimed, least known, and most misunderstood of the four provinces of Ireland. It is divided into counties Mayo and Galway on the west, and counties Sligo, Leitrim, and Roscommon on the east. Tracts of its best ground are lying wild; and the large proportion of its inhabitants is much in the same condition as were the peasantry of Europe in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Adults innumerable, having no regular employment, live by beggary, and the children, unschooled and in rags, were wont to ply the same trade of mendicancy. In 1841 the population was 1,418,859. The population, generally, is Romanist; and 357 Popish priests are in busy operation throughout the province. Ignorance and superstition, indolence and filth, meet you

in every direction. Such the field selected for the Mission.

The means and manner of its commencement are full of interest. A copy of the Irish Scriptures had been found on the public road. It fell into the hands of a humble man who knew the Irish language. He read, and his eyes were enlightened. The light which gladdened his own heart he was desirous to communicate to his neighbours ; and so, with his Bible in his pocket, he went from cottage to cottage, and by the gleam of the blazing bogwood he read the word of life to interested and increasing circles. The Irish language was found to be the key to the Irish heart ; and the influence of this as an agency for good was soon discovered by those who were waiting and watching for the wellbeing of their fatherland.

The second stage in the progress was when the subject was brought under the notice of the Rev. Robert Allen, minister of Stewartston. He was reading in his study after breakfast, when the visit of a gentleman was announced. " The object of my visit," said the gentleman, " is to get you actively interested in Irish schools." " An Irish school ! an Irish school !" replied Mr Allen, " it is the first time I have heard it named." After the matter was explained, it was no difficult thing to secure Mr Allen's interest and hearty co-operation. The result was

the formation of a class of persons who could read the Scriptures in the Irish tongue, to wait upon Mr Allen, and to receive from him instruction in the truth, that thus they might be qualified intelligently to fulfil the office of Scripture readers throughout the country. The work grew. The Synod of Ulster took it under their fostering care in 1835. A society was formed—brethren were sent forth to bring its claims under the notice of the Christian public throughout the empire. We well remember the advocacy of the Rev. Dr Cook of Belfast, and of Dr Stewart of Broughshane, in its behalf, in the Middle Church of Perth. An unfortunate wight of a councillor, in the plenitude of his folly, attempted to raise opposition to the object of the deputation's visit, but sure he was punished to the terror of all future offenders; stroke succeeded stroke of the most masterly raillery, to the infinite mirth of the audience; and then, leaving the pilloried councillor to swallow the bitter pill as best he might, the Irish orator, with all the warm eloquence of an Irish heart, unfolded the rare merits of the Irish schools.

Among the persons who presented themselves to Mr Allen as having a knowledge of the Irish language, and as desirous to receive farther instruction, there was a young man of twenty years of age. He had been strictly educated in the Popish faith from a

child, and was a firm believer in the doctrine of exclusive salvation in the Church of Rome, and of the supreme power of the priest in all matters affecting the soul. But the native language had charms to his mind, and fortified by the popular belief that the native Irish was the language of paradise, and that the devil had no power to deceive by its means, he ventured to receive instruction from a Protestant minister. One little verse in the Word of God was the blessed means of overthrowing the superstructure which Popery had built up in his mind, and of leading him to other views. It was that clear and comprehensive enunciation of Divine truth, contained in Acts iv. 12,—“Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.” It was a time until this passage gained full entrance into the mind; for Popery, strong chiefly in the suspicions which it awakens, created the fear that it might be only a Protestant interpolation, or a Protestant mis-rendering of the original; and it was not until he saw with his own eyes the same verse in the Douay version, that his mind acknowledged the full force of the truth embodied in the Scripture. And the form which the truth assumed was just like most of the other truths of Scripture, one of easy comprehension, potent from its very simplicity—if there is salvation in

none other, and if Christ's name is the only name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, then is there no more need of that host of pretended mediators which the Church of Rome worships, nor of that vast amount of influence which she ascribes to her priests. He that holds the simplest by Christ, is surely the nearest to salvation.

But it is not all at once that the fetters of superstition are thrown off. This young man still continued with unabated regularity to attend the chapel and to hear mass. The desire of hearing a Protestant minister preach did arise, but it was long held in check. At length one Sabbath morning he resolved that he would attend at a Protestant church. With this view he rose early, and that he might avoid the observations of his Popish neighbours, he set out on horseback to some distance. He passed his own chapel, and despite some misgivings which then arose, he pursued his journey to the Presbyterian church. All was new—even the very appearance of a pewed chapel was strange to him. He thought the Presbyterian prayers very lengthy. "Surely they are hypocrites," said he to himself, "for they make long prayers, and they pray standing." The amount of instruction which the minister communicated from the Word of God astonished him. Again he attended in the evening, but he was seized with sickness

and with difficulty reached the door. "Surely God is sending this sickness as a punishment on me for forsaking my own, and attending on this new religion." He fell on his knees in the churchyard, and prayed to God, and in his prayer he vowed, that if it were for attending at this Protestant church, he would never attend more. We often speak unadvisedly ; but God bears with us, and makes darkness light before us. His desire for truth stimulated him onwards in his researches. Mr Allen's instructions were blessed to him, and in due time he was enrolled as a student of divinity under Dr Chalmers. Such is a rapid sketch of particulars in the history of Mr Brannigan, whose name stands prominently connected with the Connaught Mission.

In 1846 the students of the Irish Presbyterian Church, animated by a Christian love to their native land, agreed to support a Missionary and Scripture reader in Connaught. Mr Brannigan, when licensed to preach the gospel, was selected and set aside for this work. In addition to the teachings of the Hall of Divinity, God gave him the discipline of the sick-chamber. "Jesus' school of affliction," says Martin Boos, "mocks at, scourges, crucifies, slays, and buries our old Adam both in the gross and detail." For six months did God keep his servant in this school of affliction, humbling, and trying, and causing him to

feel that it is good for a man, in the outset of a great enterprise, to bear the yoke. The Irish schools had been before him preparing the way. The famine followed him, taming men's spirits. And to what extent the work has prospered through the blessing of God, it is the object of these Notes to unfold.

CHAPTER III.

MISSION STATIONS.

Ballina—Sabbath School—Opposition of the Priest—Congregation—Importance of Ballina as a centre of influence—Sabbath Profanation and Accident—*Mullafara*—Ordination—Old Presbyterian Settlement—Moyne Abbey—Beautiful view—*Ballyglen*—Popish Crossings—Beauty of the Glen—Careless hearing of the Word occasioned by Mass being said in a Foreign Language—Schools—Doonbristy—Downpatrick Head—Stations—Bealderig Coast and School—Foundation-stone of the First Mission Church laid—*Dromore West*—Schools—Interesting Family—Death of Two Sisters—Backslider awakened—Lough Conn—Castlebar—Preached to the Scots Greys—Turlough—Reek—Stations at Bal—Round Tower—George Robert Fitzgerald—Careless Scotchman—Straid Abbey—*Foxford*—Contemplated Model Farm—Roscommon County—*Camlin Station*—First Dispensation of the Communion in the Presbyterian Form in Boyle—Sabbath Desecration—Clogher—Taking the Bull by the Horns—Boyle.

Saturday night.—Arrived at Ballina wearied and way-worn. This town stands beautifully on the banks of the Moy. It is not of ancient date, but is one of the most important and flourishing towns in county Mayo. Visited the Sabbath school. Its general attendance is about sixty ; and, with few exceptions,

all the scholars are children of Roman Catholic parents. The priest raged and stormed when this school was commenced. Oftener than once has he come to the school, called out Roman Catholic children, and horsewhipped them for attending. Schools and teachers has he denounced from the altar. In the face of this opposition, the children persevered with steady firmness ; and the attendance used to be the fullest the Sabbath after the priest's visit. Addressed the children, and taught one of the classes for a short time—was much pleased with the Sabbath-school-like appearance of one of the girls, who was a Roman Catholic—thoughtful and softened in manners, and very intelligent in her answers. She seemed as if fast nearing the kingdom of God. Preached morning and night—the congregation small—meeting in an upper room. It seems of vast importance, humanly speaking, to the success and general character of the Mission, that Presbyterianism should have an outward aspect worthy of her cause in this town. Nor are the necessary materials wanting. There are Presbyterian laymen whose energies and influences should be heartily enlisted, as their honour and the wellbeing of their own souls are concerned, in the active upbuilding of religion here ; and by the grace of God on the prayers and labours of the youthful minister, whose talents and acquirements are

calculated to make his a respected ministry, the work might grow apace. To a Free Churchman, who has been accustomed to see every thing through the hearty co-operation of a Christian people, conducted with a zealous speed, there appeared a lagging and timorous caution in the subject of building churches ; and here, even although the ground is purchased, delay is operating to the no small injury of the congregation's growth.

On this day God spake to this Sabbath-dishonouring community by the voice of judgment, in defence of the sacredness of his own day. A party of six young people returning homewards after spending the Sabbath in thoughtless mirth, while crossing the Moy, were precipitated into the water by the upsetting of the boat, and all drowned. An awful thing to meet God in the very act of breaking one of his solemn commandments ! "O that they were wise, that they understood this !"

Seven schools are attached to the Ballina district. They are under the inspection of the minister, Rev. Mr Armstrong, and afford instruction to 385 children, all of whom are Roman Catholics, with the exception of about 30 Protestants.

Tuesday.—MULLAFARA.—Came here to meet with the Presbytery of Connaught, and to attend the ordination of Mr Hamilton Magee to the pastorate of the

congregation in this place, and of Mr Matthew Kerr to the office of Missionary. In the absence of the minister who had been appointed to preach, I was asked to conduct the opening service, which I endeavoured to do, preaching from the Psalmist's solemn surrender of himself to God,—“Truly, O Lord, I am thy servant.” It was a strictly Irish congregation, numbering about two hundred. Whitefield was quite surprised in his first visit to Scotland with the rustling made when he named his text by opening the Bibles all at once. I was struck with the complete absence of this. Few Bibles were produced and opened. The paucity of books, or the inability of the people to read, occasions another observance which has now happily almost become obsolete with us—the reading of the line as the psalm is being sung. The whole aspect of the congregation was that of an Original Dissenting Congregation in Scotland. Before ordination there was an exposition and defence of the principles of Presbytery. This was well done by Mr Armstrong ; and it was convincingly done, for a gentleman who was present, and who had been educated as an Episcopalian, said to me after the service was over, “I am satisfied that yours is the Scriptural order.” Another little particular in which the service differs from ours in Scotland is this, while we perform the act of ordina-

tion during prayer, Mr Allen, who officiated, finished his prayer, then was ordination performed as a distinct act by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Prayer was again offered up, and God's blessing supplicated on the service, and on the minister ordained. One question put to the candidates for ordination spoke to the Scottish heart, and showed the complete oneness of the Presbyterian Churches of Ireland and Scotland—"Do you hold it to be your duty to maintain, and to prosecute the reformation work of our covenanting fathers of the Church of Scotland?" It was a solemn sight to see the two young ministers kneeling, and each in his turn receiving at the hands of faithful men the high trust committed to them. "My heart was melted down," writes Whitefield, "when the bishop laid his hands upon my head, and I offered up my whole spirit, soul and body, to the service of God's sanctuary." We witnessed a service more impressive, "for it was with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery" (1 Tim. iv. 14), and God witnessed an act of self-dedication, we trust, equally sincere. Thus two additional labourers are thrown in upon this needy district—men in the opening of their days, who will give the flower and vigour of their strength to the Lord and to his service.

Mullafara signifies the Hill of Fara. It was peo-

pled by a colony of Presbyterian settlers about two hundred years ago, and has all along enjoyed the benefit of a Presbyterian ministry. One of the ministers settled here, died in consequence of wounds which he received in defending himself and his property from midnight robbers. Driven from their own country when persecution raged, the colonists brought with them some of the Scottish melodies ; and they sing them as they were sung by the hunted Covenanters amid the hills and glens of Scotland. Never did we hear " Martyrs " so affectingly sung as here, under the smoky rafters of an Irish cabin, where we preached to a crowded and attentive company. Visited four of the seven schools under the care of Mr Magee—examined the Bible class—addressed and prayed with the children. The number of scholars exceeds three hundred, two hundred and fifty of whom are Roman Catholics. In one of the schools we saw the drum hanging, muffled and silent, which was wont to sound in the van of a repeal company, and the teacher, once himself a violent Ribbonman and the right hand of the priest, and at whose summons the men of three parishes would have assembled, was now patiently and energetically employed in instructing eighty children in Bible truth.

To Moyne Abbey in the afternoon. This abbey

was founded in 1460, for the order of the Franciscans. It is unroofed, although its walls stand strong and entire. The bittern possesses it, the owl and the raven dwell there, and the sighing wind shakes the nettles and the long grass which grow in its courts. It is used as a place of burial, and in one of its divisions cart-loads of human skulls and bones lie heaped together. Every where throughout the west of Ireland we observed the rude white deal coffin, and the burial ground strewn with portions of up-turned coffins and with scattered bones, as indications of the low state of civilisation. Let him who mounts the stair of the Square Tower relieve the difficulty of the ascent by observing the formation and fittings of the steps. When you have reached the top, a beautiful view regales the eye. Killala Bay, with its graceful indentations—the river Moy sweeping peacefully along, and forming numerous islets at its outlet,—the little city of Killala, with its round tower and steeple, standing on the bay like the city of Tiberias on the lake of Galilee,—Kilcummin point projecting into the sea, where landed the French under General Humbert in 1798, and where now stands a mission school, from which the children go to the rocks ; and sitting there lift their sweet voices amid the dash of the waves, and sing their little hymns to the God of salvation.

A schooner lay at anchor in the offing, with its tapering masts and trig rigging, and like the black duck with her glossy breast,

“ On the glassy heaving sea,
Sat swinging silently.”

While, on the high battlements of the Abbey Tower, looking forth on the magnificent view which surrounded us, with God overhead, and the mouldering bones of generations beneath us, our little company sung together some verses of Psalm xc.

“ Thou dost unto destruction
Man that is mortal turn ;
And unto them thou sayest, Again,
Ye sons of men, return.”

At this station of Mullafara we were delighted with the zeal and Scottish perseverance of the Scripture reader. Observing the superior influence of the Irish language over the understanding and feelings of the people, he set himself in earnest to acquire it ; and although unacquainted with any other tongue except that of his native Edinburgh, Mr Johnstone is now able to read some chapters of the Irish Bible to the cottagers whom he visits.

Onwards to BALLYGLEN. Many things remind us that we are in a Popish land. Papists of the stricter sect, knowing from the company of Mr Brannigan, that we were Protestant ministers, as we

passed them by on the road, made sure of their own safety by putting the cross betwixt us and them. We saw women counting their beads and saying prayers as they walked, or kneeling and praying by the side of a large stone ; and on a grassy knoll we observed, continental like, a large wooden cross erected.

Ballyglen is a lovely vale, like Rasselas' happy valley in a neglected and waste-lying country. To see its beauties well, go to the Danish fort towards its northern extremity. There grow the gentle eye-bright and the yellow hawkweed, and the tangled bramble, and the narrow-leaved plantain, in wild and peaceful confusion, where armed men once trode, Towards the south Mount Nephin raises his huge bulk like a giant warden, and closes the view. The Model Farm shows its well-cultivated acres at the entrance. The strong keep of the old castle, the memorial of which has perished with its proprietors, carries back the thoughts to forgotten times. Little cots, looking out from clumps of ash-trees, and the whitened walls of Mr Brannigan's hospitable home, give animation to the view. The Glen river murmurs beneath. And to the north you see and hear the roll of the waves of the Atlantic, with the curious insulated table-looking rock off Downpatrick Head.

Preached at the weekly prayer meeting. The place of meeting, which was an old cottage, and the light

of which was supplied chiefly by the door and chimney, was crowded. The poor Papists' mind is little exercised by the services which they have been accustomed to in their own chapels. The priest mumbles the mass in Latin with his back turned to the people. The consequence is, that there is little of enlightened devotion in their worship, and often little colloquies are carried on among the worshippers. This habit continues oftentimes with the adult when he attends a Protestant service. A lengthened address he has never known, and as he understands the English but imperfectly, he is tempted by the least incident to look round or to speak. In this same place a stranger gentleman was present at the weekly service, and had his travelling cap in his hand. In the middle of the sermon or address, an old man who sat next him, touched him on the arm and whispered,—“That is a fine cap, how much did you pay for it?” The gentleman thinking it the surest way to terminate the conversation, was to gratify at once the curiosity of his inquirer, quietly and curtly replied, “Three shillings.” “Well,” said the old man, “it was too dear, eighteenpence was enough.” This colloquy might have been prolonged to any extent had it not been terminated by an admonitory hush from the gentleman. It is remarkable that the same indecency characterises the

modern Jewish worship. The Jew converses with his neighbour in the midst of the synagogue service. In both Popery and Judaism it is the dead letter of a false and an exploded faith, and therefore it instructeth not, it enliveneth not.

Visited the schools of Glen Ulra (Glen of the Eagle), Ballynock, Carenaten. It is remarkable the order which is kept in these schools even by female and very young teachers. There is a ready submission to the teacher's word, and the regular discipline to which these children are subjected will exercise no small benefit on their after habits. Ragged schools they are throughout; and whilst you admire the vivacity and spirit of a barefooted teacher, you are also struck with the acquirements of the tattered scholars, and with their ready and natural politeness, which might put to shame the boorishness of many of our more privileged Scottish children.

On our way to Carenaten we turned aside to view Doonbristy (or the Broken Fort), a singular rock, which seems separated by the continual action of the waters from Downpatrick Head. There it stands immoveable amid the foaming surges, exhibiting on its grassy surface the remains of a wall, and its broken sides tenanted by wildfowl, showing distinctly the varying strata. The ocean, ever agitated, breaks in fearful billows, and sends its hollow thun-

ders through the resounding caverns. We saw a seal amid the breakers, scarcely able, with all its power and pilotage, to keep itself off the rocks. Popular tradition says, that once a convent of Black and Grey Friars was established on Downpatrick Head, and that a contention arising, and becoming sharp betwixt the two orders, the Black Friars prayed earnestly that they might be freed from their contentious brethren, and that in answer to their prayers, a disruption, physical and visible, took place during night, and the offending Greys were found in the morning perched on this insolated Doonbristy—the prisoners of the ocean.

Downpatrick Head is a *Station* to which Roman Catholics repair in pilgrimage, and offer up prayers and perform penance. To the Protestant reader it is needful to explain, that “there were privileges, by way of communication of indulgences, granted to the holy places and stations within and without Jerusalem, to the faithful of both sexes,” who piously and devoutly fulfil certain appointed duties. By bulls of Benedict XIII. and of other popes, these privileges were extended to other places in other countries, and these places are called *Stations*. They are generally found around holy wells, or celebrated mountains, or beside venerable ruins. Thither the faithful come in companies, and by encompassing these

sacred spots so often on their bare knees, they "gain these indulgences, granted by Christ's vicars on the earth, and apply so many for their own miserable souls, and the rest in suffrage for the souls in purgatory." This Downpatrick Head is a Station, and in the days when they had fulness of bread, on Sabbath multitudes assembled here, tents were spread, music resounded, and after "making their souls," for so they term it, by crawling round a ring as a horse in a mill—like the Israelites when they had made and worshipped their golden calf—the people sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play. At Caranaten we examined the school, listened to an English address from Mr Brannigan, and then heard the Irish eloquence of John Caldwell, the Scripture reader, as rough, and impetuous, and powerful as the rude rocks and wild ocean we had left.

Connected with Ballyglen is Bealderig. A ride of nine miles brings you to it. The road sweeps along a lonely mountainous tract,

"Where heath and fern are waving wide."

And a bolder coast is seldom seen. The abrupt cliffs are worn by wind and wave, and receding into narrow bays, and perforated with rocky caverns, delight and surprise the mind with every variety of wild grandeur. Even the more celebrated Port-la-ban, and Port Noffer, and Dun-

kerry cave of the Giant's Causeway, exceed not in magnificence the Benwee Cliffs and the ocean caves which are to be found on the Bealderig coast. And should the reader regard it as an augmentation of his pleasure, as the poet Crabbe did, to walk where none had walked before, he may enjoy his dreams of solitary pride unmolested on these solitary shores. A sweep of the road brings you down to Bealderig, which consists of a few clean whitewashed cottages occupied by the coast guard. Not far off, to the west, Ben-More rises in majesty, and the three Stags of Broadhaven seem quietly reposing on the bosom of the deep. The huts seem few, and so rude are they, that they are scarcely distinguishable from the turf and heather with which they are surrounded. Yet when we came on to the school we found it choked full with children rising in tiers to the rafters. When you see such a band of children sent forth from a seeming solitude, you think of the shingles gray and the bracken bush, and the rushes and the willow wand, and every tuft of broom giving life, and sending them forth like Roderick Dhu's warriors on the lone side of Benledi. In this place, desert though it be, the one hundred and three children receive through the labours of Mr Ferguson, a licentiate of the Irish Church, an education as perfect as is enjoyed in any country district in Scot-

land; and there is an air of enjoyment and intellectual acuteness which pervades the school which is truly refreshing. On Sabbaths Mr Ferguson ministers to the general population, and is much encouraged by the intelligent interest and support of the coast guard and their families. Indeed it is from these whitewashed cottages that a detachment of most excellent female teachers has gone forth to give instruction throughout the Mission.

The arrival of Miss Charlotte Pringle, Secretary of the Edinburgh Ladies' Association, was daily expected in the Glen. The interest which this event awakened, showed the high estimation in which the Christian labours of this excellent lady for the well-being of Ireland were held; and to commemorate her first visit, it was arranged that the foundation stone of the first Mission church in Connaught should be laid by her. The day which was to witness doings so important in the Glen shone forth in brightness. About 400 spectators assembled. There were seven clergy, and two Scripture readers, and many teachers. Captain Henrie, R.N., of the Coast Guard, and Mr Fawcett, younger of Mountglen, were also of the company. Mr Brannigan commenced the religious services by singing Ps. cii. 16. Mr Allen read the account of Solomon's dedication of the Temple, and offered up prayer to God. Miss Pringle deposited

the vessel with papers, above which the foundation stone was lowered. I gave the address ; and Mr Magee concluded the whole with praise and the benediction. After the benediction three hearty cheers were, in true Irish fashion, given to Miss Pringle, at the suggestion of Mr Fawcett. In the afternoon 300 children were entertained with tea and bread and butter ; and when the shadows of evening began to fall, and reminded us that it was time to separate, we gathered together under the shadow of a spreading tree, and gave thanks to God, "for he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever."

Before leaving Ballyglen, to show the readiness with which the people wait upon the Word, I may mention that I preached there twice on a Sabbath day, and although the rain fell in torrents every corner of our place of meeting was filled. Among our fellow-worshippers was an English gentleman from Kendal, in search of land. He seems a settler of the right kind—a God-fearing man, who would care as well for the spiritual as for the temporal interests of the people. The Lord send many such !

DROMORE WEST was the next station I visited. It enjoys the missionary care of the Rev. Matthew Ker, and numbers seven schools. Four of these we examined. Although the attendance was good, we were told that it was smaller than usual, but the rea-

son assigned did more than satisfy. It shows things rapidly moving in the right direction. The girls remained at home to wash their dress on the Saturday, that they might appear at church suitably and cleanly attired on the Sabbath. One of these four schools was taught, and well taught, by a teacher who had been dismissed from the National School because he taught the Bible more frequently than their rules permitted. Glorious liberty he now enjoys, for in our mission school he can teach the Bible from morn to dewy eve if he pleases; and the more effectively he teaches the Bible the more will his labours be prized. No one could have witnessed the extent and the correctness of acquaintance with divine truth manifested by many of the elder boys, without being delighted. Many of the boys could correctly repeat all the Shorter Catechism, and give you scriptural proof, naming chapter and verse, for the truths embodied in the question. And the manner in which some of these boys came to be so well grounded in scriptural knowledge, will be as delightful and interesting to the reader as the fact itself. It was simply thus:—

The family of a proprietor, whose annual rental at one time reached £700, became embarrassed, partly through their own extravagance, and partly through the difficulties of the times. The pressure of circum-

stances obliged them to exchange their house in town for a small cottage which belonged to them in this part of the country. It was a trying circumstance this. But God leadeth the blind by ways which they have not known. This forced forsaking of fashionable life was the first step in His holy providence of real and lasting good to them. They became acquainted with the missionary. What was better, they became acquainted with the gospel, and the Saviour whom he preached, and often in the fulness of their hearts did they say, that they had reason to bless God for bringing them from their town-house to the thatched roof and clay-floored cottage. So soon as they felt the truth themselves, each one became active in recommending it to others. The mother taught a Sabbath class, with the winning power and gentleness which an educated lady can employ. The eldest son visited in the cottages, and read the Bible, and prayed with the inmates, and established several prayer meetings. One of these was for boys of his own age. He and a younger brother erected a turf hut in a quiet bog, and there, on evenings of their own appointing, a little party of boys, from fourteen years and upwards, were wont to assemble regularly to seek the Lord in prayer. Here let me make known what I trust God may order to meet the eye of some of those friends of

the truth, who interest themselves in the upbringing of godly youths for the ministry. This lad has a strong desire to devote himself to the service of God as a Presbyterian minister; for although the family were educated as Episcopalians, they all, from intelligent conviction, joined themselves to the Presbyterian Church. In expressing this desire to his mother, to whom he first communicated it, he said,—“I would willingly live for ten years in Connaught on Indian stirabout, if at the end of that time I could see any way of getting forward as a Presbyterian minister, to serve God and benefit my country.” It was thought good by the friends of the family that they should go to America. Writing to Mr Ker before leaving the shores of England, the young man says,—“The only bright star in my otherways dark horizon, is the hope of yet returning and labouring as a missionary with you in Connaught.” If this hope is of God’s implanting, he will see to its fulfilment in his own time and way.*

* God’s intentions are already fulfilled regarding this young Christian. Mr Ker writes me the following particulars of his death. On the 25th August, while at sea, my young friend was seized with cholera. A physician was on board, but human skill was vain. He was fast sinking, and his weeping mother said to him,—“Johnnie, have you any thing to say?” His reply was, “Oh, mother, I cannot think of any thing but that Christ is very precious to my soul—he can do all for me—I can do nothing!” He said no more, and after twelve hours’ illness, he fell asleep in Jesus, and was consigned to an ocean grave.

The appearance of two sisters in one of the mountain schools attracted the attention of the Missionary. When the question would be asked—the great testing question—Do you love Christ? with an earnest simplicity they replied, “Yes, we do, for he loved us.” Their love to Christ was seen in the love they manifested to his word, and to his day, and to his Church, in their dutifulness to their widowed mother, and in their affection to each other. Soon was the reality of their faith in Christ subjected to the trial of a sick-bed. Both were laid down in loathsome smallpox. The youngest died first, with her loved Bible pressed to her breast. While the eldest lay blind with the disease, her mother said to her one day, — “Margaret, *asthore machrie*—darling of my heart—would you be willing to go away and leave me alone?” “No, mother; but I would rather be with Jesus.” Mr Ker inquired,—“Are you afraid to die?” “No,” she meekly said. “Where do you expect to go after death?” “To heaven.” “Have you done any thing to merit heaven?” “No; I have never done any good.” “What, then, is your hope?” “I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.” “Are you suffering much?” “Yes; but I have a peace, a joy, of which I cannot tell you.” Having witnessed this good confession, she fell asleep in Christ in a day or two after. Tenant of a hovel on the mountains of

Lurgan, she was translated to the mountains of myrrh, a joint-heir of Jesus Christ.

To these instances of saving blessing attending the Mission work here, let me add another, though a case of a different character, which came under my own observation. It was the case of a backslider awakened. On Monday morning, before we had left our bedrooms, a man had called. He seemed dejected, and his melancholy tale was soon told. He thought he had been savingly converted in early life. He had been brought up under godly parents, and had experienced concern for his soul—the Spirit of God striving with him. He went into public life, and through the temptations of worldly companionship he soon “lost ground.” His impressions faded away, he forgot God, and for twenty-two years remained careless and godless, and hardened in impiety. For two months bypast he has been under conviction. His manner and expression bespoke sincerity when he said—“I have not mine equal upon earth, I am so vile.” By reason of the voice of his groaning his eye is debarred from sleep. The devil presses him sore with his temptations, telling him that he is ruined in soul and body, and moving him to put an end to his miserable existence. But when thus beset he resists the tempter, saying—“No, vile devil, I will cling to the blood of Christ.” We

tried to speak to his case, directing him to passages of God's Word suitable for guidance in circumstances so affecting and so critical as we felt his to be. Prayer brought consolation. "We looked unto God and were lightened."

On Sabbath forenoon we preached in the crowded barn, and again in the evening to the children. Great need is there for a more commodious place for the worship of God; and as Robert Jones, Esq. of Fortland, has kindly given a site of half an acre, great pity is it that the Mission should have to struggle, Sabbath after Sabbath, with inconveniences both in situation and accommodation, which, had it not been possessed of a large measure of vitality, would undoubtedly have extinguished it.

Along the banks of Lough Conn, or the Pontoon Lakes, we journeyed to CASTLEBAR and TURLOUGH. The indentations of this lake give it a picturesque irregularity; and the neighbourhood of Nephin, and its own extent, the ruined castle on one of its headlands, and its brushwood and heath covered islands, give it a character of grandeur. At the point where it is crossed by the bridge, it narrows into straits, and then again expands into large bays. Huge gray rocks rise along its margin, mimicking in many places the rough outline of town and village. Soon after leaving the Pontoons, you meet with the poorhouse stretching

out its long Elizabethan front, and endeavouring to conceal, by its air of external neatness, the evil state of society which occasions it, and the misery which it must necessarily contain. A little farther on and you enter Castlebar, the county town of Mayo, standing prettily on a swelling elevation, and ornamented with an elegant church, and by the woods which surround Lord Lucan's lodge. In the court-house, at half-past four, we preached to the Scots Greys, a corps of which Scotsmen are nationally and justly proud, and whose military character would be all the more elevated by their being good soldiers of Jesus Christ. The sergeant of the troop conducted the psalmody with good taste and feeling. It was a refreshing service after a weary ride ; and the pleasure was increased by meeting with a countrywoman from Berwickshire, a member of the Free Church, and who loved to speak of the Church she had left.

In the evening preached in the Presbyterian Church of Turlough. This is a pretty neighbourhood, and the view from it is fine. The Reek, so named from the smoky wreath of cloud which often rests on its summit, lifts its lofty cone, which, though seemingly tapered to a point, yet contains an acre of ground on its top. The Partry mountains rejoice on every side. The eye takes in Bal, a celebrated station to which crowds repair in the month of Sep-

tember No less than eleven miles of stations extend around about Bal. There are some where the worshipper performs for himself, and some where he performs for his cattle. The minister of Turlough went with some of his friends to see the mysteries of Bal, but they bear not the light. The worshippers crowded around him, and twice struck him to the ground—a heathen way of teaching the heathen lesson, *procul est profani!* At Turlough, situated on a height, is one of the round towers which abound in Ireland, but of which we have only two specimens in Scotland. This one is very perfect. The only damage which it has sustained is the displacement of the centre stone in the rounded roof, which has hung loosely for years, and threatens danger to the observer beneath. The tower stands marking the progress of time, and carrying back the thoughts to remote centuries. In the roofless church which adjoins it, there is a stone inserted in the wall, with a rude figure of our Saviour on the cross, and two persons praying on either side, and bearing the date of 1625. From some unaccountable motive, George Robert Fitzgerald, younger of Turlough, took the Presbyterian congregation here under his fostering care, and by him this old building had been roofed in, and designed as a place of meeting for them. This unfortunate youth, son of the benevolent Lady Mary

Harvey, had figured at foreign courts, and having come home to reside on his family property, was implicated in the murder of his cousin, and was executed at Castlebar. During his imprisonment, and on the scaffold, he was attended by the Rev. Harry Henry, then a Presbyterian licentiate in the district; and in testimony of his esteem for the religious services and instructions which were afforded him, the dying gentleman handed to Mr Henry his watch, which he wore, as a remembrance of the unhappy Fitzgerald, until the day of his death.

Met with a countryman in this neighbourhood, who has forgotten the Jerusalem of his fathers. Certificate enough for him; for a Scotsman is like his country's pine—if the leading branch of the Scotch fir is good, the tree prospers; if it is broken through by any foul accident, the tree degenerates into a useless bush. The leading stem in the Scotsman's mind is his religion. It gives strength to the character, and character to the man; and should he in an evil hour forget the instructions and the Church of his youth, he slights what is to him *et decus et tutamen*—at once his safeguard and his glory.

Christ cared as well for the bodies as for the souls of men, and his power was often called forth to heal them. John Wesley published a little treatise which he styled *Primitive Physic*. This may be apology,

if apology is needed, for inserting here a simple receipt which the kind-hearted Mr Hamilton, minister of Turlough, has applied with unfailing benefit to upwards of 500 persons afflicted with scrofulous ailment. A handful of the root and leaves of the crow-foot, boiled slowly in a quart of new milk, one half to be drunk at night and the other in the morning, has, when persisted in for a week or two, effected cures, under his prescription, to obstinate cases.

At *West Port* there is another Mission station, presided over by Rev. Mr Adair, but time did not permit us to visit it.

On our way to Foxford we passed Straid Abbey. There are the remains of ruined grandeur still about it, although this abbey is very much dilapidated. The altar-piece is ornamented with figures of the apostles, and near to it there is a heap of human skulls, and bones similar to what we saw at Moyne. There are three sets of oaths among Roman Catholics, which they regard as varying in solemnity. The first is to swear on the Bible ; the second, and one superior in solemnity to the first, is to swear upon the priest's vestments ; the third, and the fellest of any, is to swear over a skull ; for, should they swear falsely, they have the fear of being haunted for ever by the spirit which once dwelt within it. Thus will super-

stition and false religion ever be found to be not the offspring of faith but of sense. Among the many tombstones which invite the passer-by to pray for the soul of the buried, there is one which makes no such request ; it only tells the affecting tale that a lady from Scotland, whom Death met in this desert place, lies buried here, and that she died a stranger in a strange land.

The country betwixt Turlough and Foxford consists of a succession of gentle undulations. It is dry, warm, and kindly, and only requires the ploughshare for the raising of excellent crops. In one or two places we saw beautiful green crops, showing the capabilities of the soil ; and yet the greater proportion of it is lying waste. The stranger asketh why it is thus with this fine land ?

The FOXFORD STATION, under the superintendence of Rev. Joseph Donaldson, has only been established for eight months. There are seven schools opened, at which about 600 children receive education. The Missionary and the station are privileged in having the countenance and hearty co-operation of Matthew Gallagher, Esq., Laragon. The son of a rector, and himself educated for the Church, his acknowledgement of the superior claims of Presbytery, both in its scriptural platform and in its practical working, shows the power of truth on a good and

honest mind ; and a simple observation which he made to myself manifests his to be a truly Missionary spirit. Speaking of the schools, he told me of two interesting girls who had received much benefit by attending them, and added, " Had it only been for the sake of these two girls, I consider that there is a due compensation for all the outlay." It could not be that one so zealous should escape the altar denunciations of the priest, but Mr Gallagher took a manly and effectual way to put a stop to them. He went to the chapel, and when the congregation was dismissed, asking them to wait, he accosted the priest as he came out, and said, " That he was present to defend himself and his doings before priest and people, and he wished to hear, face to face, what the priest had said of him at the altar." The priest skulked away without attempting an answer. But Mr Gallagher was not to be put off in this manner. He followed the retreating priest to another chapel, where he had to do afternoon duty, and there, before his second flock, as effectually abashed him, taking the opportunity, after the hasty disappearance of the priest, to address to the wondering congregation some scriptural counsels.

At this station it is in contemplation to erect a second model farm, similar in character to the one which has been established at the Glen by Mr Cal-

lander with such praiseworthy enterprise. Its erection will depend upon two results. The first is an arrangement on favourable terms with the landlord. The second is the obtaining a sufficient number of public-spirited and patriotic gentlemen, who will embark a little capital in an undertaking which promises such important results to poor Ireland. The farm spreads out its meadow acres along the banks of the Moy. There is the prospect of securing as manager the services of a most promising young man, well skilled in agriculture; and there is the hope of dividing, under the management which will be established, a fair per centage to those who will thus honour God, and benefit this unhappy land by their substance.

Leaving Foxford, we had a long drive, in which, after passing through the little towns of Swineford and Ballaghadireen, and crossing a little reedy stream, we entered county Roscommon. The agricultural aspect of this county seemed somewhat better than the one we had left. The potato fields, which, in the western district of Mayo, were a fortnight before quite blackened by disease, presented in this district a more healthful appearance. The object of this journey was to visit Camlin Station, within four miles of Boyle. The good cause here owes much of its progress to the spirited exertions of Mrs Irwin of Camlin House, whose Christian benevolence has made her

beloved throughout the neighbourhood. It would be difficult to over-estimate the amount of relief which this kind lady afforded, by a judicious and generous liberality to the famishing poor around her in the years of famine, and of the good effected by her enlightened endeavours to diffuse among the peasantry a Bible education, and thus to secure for them a religious and elevated character, which is the sure earnest of temporal comfort. I examined the industrial school.* The school-house is the best I have seen in the province—spacious, airy, and clean. And of the few industrial schools which I had it in my power to inspect, there was not one which displayed such a ready, correct acquaintance with the Word of God. This is greatly to be ascribed to the weekly visits and training of Miss MacCallum. The influence of such periodical inspection, in stimulating both teacher and pupil, is visible wherever it is enjoyed.

It was arranged that the sacrament of the Lord's Supper should be dispensed in Boyle, for the sake of the Presbyterians in the neighbourhood who might desire to join in that blessed, and by them seldom enjoyed, ordinance. It was the first time the communion was dispensed in Boyle after the Presbyterian form. To the Methodists we were indebted for a

* These industrial schools have been established chiefly through the patriotic endeavours of Dr Edgar of Belfast.

church. Ours was a little company, and gathered from widely separated places—from the Highlands and south of Scotland, and from various parts of Ireland. And as we gathered around the sacramental table, the simplicity of the service, and the fewness of our numbers, feelingly reminded us of the original institution. A marked and a memorable solemnity attends these first dispensations of ordinances. I was privileged to be present at such a communion in Chester, in 1847—the first Presbyterian one from the days of Matthew Henry—and the hallowed recollections of that solemn season still remain with me, as they do with the esteemed elders from Liverpool who then officiated; and when we meet, we always speak of it as an occasion not to be forgotten.

It was distressing to the Scottish Sabbath feelings of Miss Pringle and myself, to witness open shops, and stalls set out on the street, and people gathered in groups, as on a fair day. But it is ever thus; where Popery thrives the Sabbath is dishallowed. On the evening of the same Sabbath, while journeying along Lough Gara to preach at Clogher, we saw persons working among the hay, and building up their turf stalks, as busily as on a week-day. When shall scriptural religion lift up its voice amid these moral wastes, and, Nehemiah-like, contend with these ignorant breakers of God's law, and say to them—"What

evil thing is this that ye do, and profane the Sabbath-day !”

Arrived at Clogher, we found the remnant of a meeting which had dispersed, thinking that, as the hour was past, there would be no service. Still, there was congregation enough to fill the school, and not a few of them soldiers, their military dress shining out here and there like the bright scarlet poppy in a corn-field. The school in which we met was erected within his own policy by Mr Holmes of Clogher. This gentleman has the good of his country at heart, and with a discerning eye has directed his energies to its agricultural improvement. On his own estate, and on other estates of which he has inspection, he expends £80 of wages per week for drainage and other improvements. The “Times” made the public acquainted, more than a year ago, with an incident in which Mr Holmes was interested, and to which that newspaper affixed the appropriate title, “Taking the bull by the horns.” Notwithstanding all his efforts to benefit the neighbourhood, in the troublous time when human life was little valued, he received letters threatening danger. His brother, attended by two dependents, entered the Roman Catholic chapel, and before the congregation was dismissed, he went up to the altar and addressed them thus :—“People of Clogher, the Holmes remain amongst you ; they

give you employment; they do what they can to feed and clothe you, and this is the return—you send letters threatening your benefactors, and these,” pointing to the priests, “these are the men who instigate you to such foul deeds.” The boldness of the deed was the speaker’s safety.

The proprietor has it in contemplation to erect a school-house for boys. The interest taken by the family in the efficiency of the school greatly aids its prosperity. Superficial minds may think it an insignificant matter to interest one’s self in a children’s school. But great minds think otherwise. When death surprised the eminent and devoted Schwartz, it found him teaching an Indian child the alphabet.

Returned to Boyle. This little town, containing a population of nearly 4000 inhabitants, nestles snugly in a hollow formed by the hills. It is beautified by abundance of wood, and by its river, which winds its smooth stream around the ivy-covered ruins of the abbey. It has its pleasure grounds ornamented with a statue of William III. Parting here with the Rev. Mr Hall, whose high and devoted spirit promises great results to the Mission, I took coach to return to Scotland.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY HOMEWARDS.

Sligo Cholera-stricken—Londonderry—Christian Doings of the Fishmonger Corporation—Coleraine—Giant's Causeway—Steamer—Profane Swearing.

ONE approaches with peculiar feelings a place which has been marked out by God's desolating judgments. Sligo was in this condition. God's voice was crying unto the city. And the remembrance of the awful mortality in 1832—1500, out of a population of about 14,000, having then perished—made the visitation all the more alarming. A short sentence of God's word impressively pictures the rapid course of the pestilence,—*Behold at evening tide trouble, and before the morning he is not.* A traveller had arrived at one of the hotels in health—he supped and went to bed—but by midnight cholera attacked him, and before morning he had died. A lady had engaged her seat for the morning coach, but when the hour of starting arrived she did not appear. The pestilence that walketh in darkness had made her its victim. Be-

fore the morning she was not. How much more prized is the blessing of daily preservation, amid these solemn mementoes of man's mortality! The common mercy wears now the appearance of a special providence.

The morning car took us on to Londonderry. The passenger who sat by me was a merchant in Sligo, and was leaving home and business, if so be he might avoid the fatal cholera. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." The ride is said to be beautiful in some parts, but a small, dense, foggy rain hid every thing. Our umbrellas was our canopy, and the nearest hedgerow bounded the view. We could see the feathery grasses gemmed with the rain, and the spear-like plantain bending beneath the heavier drop, and the cattle looking disconsolate over the park wall or cross-barred gate. We drove through the towns of Ballyshannon and Donegal, and some cheerful watering villages, onwards through a fine mountain pass, along the banks of the Finn, into the fertile strath in which Strabane and Lifford lie, and thence on by rail along the margin of Lough Foyle to Londonderry. It was easy to tell in the course of this journey when you had entered Ulster. The husbandry was better, the towns and villages wore a more cheerful air, and the appearance of the men returning from market, dressed in their hodden gray,

and corduroy breeches and dark gray stockings, told of thrift and industry, and comfort at home.

All respect to the famed gallantry and perseverance with which Londonderry had withstood the rebel forces! Thrice had the town been besieged in 1641, 1649, and in 1688, and thrice did the inhabitants, with Protestant bravery, defend their town in the face of great odds, hardships, and deprivations, and thus earn for her the high distinction of the Maiden City. The French general, when first he sat down before it, despised it in his heart, and vainly boasted that he would compel the inhabitants to carry out to him the stones of their city in their hand. An hour or two enables the traveller to walk round on the wall, to visit the cathedral, and the monument erected "to perpetuate the memory of the Rev. George Walker, who, aided by the garrison and brave inhabitants of this city, most gallantly defended it through a protracted siege, viz. from 7th December 1688 to the 12th August following, against an arbitrary and bigoted monarch, heading an army of upwards of 20,000 men, many of whom were foreign mercenaries; and by much valiant conduct in numerous sorties, and by patiently enduring extreme privations and sufferings, successfully resisted the besiegers, and preserved for their posterity the blessings of civil and religious liberty."

A few miles out from Derry, in the parish of Hillsborough, the traveller is refreshed by seeing the substantial and most commendable benefactions of the Fishmongers' Corporation. Acting in the spirit of their own religious motto, they have erected excellent schools for the godly upbringing of the young, and a handsome Presbyterian church for the general population; and, that their ecclesiastical establishment might lack nothing, the walls of the hospitable manse are rapidly rising. This worthy company thus exemplify, for the imitation of others, the great Bible lesson, that, when we get riches and honour, our first duty is to own Him who gives them. Ascending the hills on the Coleraine road, the eye wanders with delight over the beauties of Loch Foyle and of an extensive and varied country. Coleraine stands pleasantly on the banks of the smooth-flowing Bann, a cleanly town, with a population of 6000. Old chroniclers, in speaking of the linen trade of this place, tell us the astounding fact, that the wild Irish used to wear thirty or forty yards in a shirt.

“ Their shirts be very strange,
 Not reaching past the thigh;
 With plaits on plaits, they plaited are
 As thick as plaits may lye.
 Whose sleeves hang trailing down
 Almost unto the shoe,
 And with a mantle commonly
 The Irish karne do go.”

An hour's drive carries you forward to the Giant's Causeway. Every one is acquainted, from the correct prints of this most wonderful natural phenomenon, with its general appearance. There is not, from this circumstance, the wild gaze of mute astonishment when you first see it. It is just such as you expected to find it. But when you condescend to a particular inspection, your wonder grows. Descend at once into the inlet of Port Noffer, and gratify your curiosity at the outset by a survey of the Causeway. The columns have a general apparent likeness; and yet so universally dissimilar are they, that not two in ten thousand are found whose angles and sides are equal. So closely combined are they, that you can scarce introduce a knife betwixt them. Each column is constructed of short lengths, articulated into each other by alternating convexities and concavities. A boat carries you from the Causeway beyond Portnaban to Dunkerry Cave. Guided by the expert strokes of the oar, the boat avoids the projecting cliffs which guard the entrance, and, mounting on the swelling wave, bears you within the rocky recesses. The smooth water shows a depth which the eye cannot fathom. A stripe of vermilion along the rock marks the height to which the lipping water generally rises. The sound of the breaking waves and the loud halloo of the guide are thrown

back from the lofty dome, and carried deep into its unexplored cavities. A walk along the heights will bring you to the Chimney-tops. These are single columns standing erect upon the verge of the precipice; and they receive their name because in a fog they were mistaken by the crew of one of the vessels in the Armada expedition for chimney-tops, and some of them were brought down by the discharge of her guns. Not far off is Port-na-Spania, where the proud vessel was herself wrecked—calling to mind the medal which Queen Elizabeth caused to be struck at that time of great deliverance, in which is represented a vessel contending with the storm, and sinking before it, and around which are inscribed these simple and sublime words from the Song of Moses:—"Thou didst blow with thy wind; the sea covered them." Having made these separate inspections, let the eye and the mind take one wide survey of the whole scene spread out before and around. Projecting headlands and receding bays; the ragged outline of the towns of Dunluce and Portrush, conspicuous from its long stretch of pier-like black rock, and the constant dash of broken waves, are the objects near at hand. In the distance, the dim outline of Malin Head, the most northerly point of Ireland, and the still more dimly discerned form of Isla, are seen as way-marks, telling us of the al-

most boundless extent of the mighty ocean, which, all unruly, yet lies before God like a sleeping infant in its swaddling-bands. If the mind has been suitably affected with the scene before it, it will find no language more appropriate to express its feelings than the simple yet sublime language of the Israelitish poet—"Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works."

Got on board the Scotch steamer at Portrush with no small difficulty; for in the dark, and when out at sea, almost under the prow of the steamer, the Irish boatmen differing regarding the mode of pilotage, were scarce prevented from ending their disputes by a fight. Among the cabin company a knot of passengers, whose dress might have helped them to pass for gentlemen, had not their speech and behaviour bewrayed them, indulged most freely in curse and oath. In the lips of no one does this profane swearing sound more revolting than in a Scotsman's. It is with him neither "ornamental, musical, nor polite:" it is harsh, disgusting, and meets the ear with all the repulsiveness of a hideous vice. Watching the most befitting opportunity, I endeavoured gently to admonish the one who seemed most recklessly profane. His reply betokened a heart fully set in him to do evil. It was very fearful. "The

responsibility," said he, "is all my own ; you need not trouble yourself." The words seem the words of one who has been left to himself.

Arrived at home, thankful to God for his protecting care, and for all the pleasure which my Irish visit had yielded me.

CHAPTER V.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Present Condition of Ireland—Its Misery closely connected with its Popery—Character and Statistics of Popery—Character and Influence of the Priests—Continental Priest—Maynooth Priest—Priest in Controversy—Influence of the Priesthood weakened by the Famine—Presbyterian Mission—Its Agency—Model Farms—Ireland as a Field for Agricultural Settlement and Enterprise.

It would be the surest promise of a happier future to Ireland if political agitation were hushed throughout the land. In part this desirable consummation is being neared. The nation, wearied with the vain expectations which interested men awakened, are now beginning to look upon political movements as false confidences which yield no profit. The last agitator sleeps in his grave, and where are the fruits of his restless life? The famine, coming direct from the hand of God, has tamed men's spirits, and pestilence following in its train, has depopulated the land. Emigration has also carried off to other climes thousands of the best conditioned of the people.

The roofless and tenantless houses give it an air of desolation, and the waste ground is calling for new settlers.

The ebb is low, but still it is the same tide of human misery whose dark waters murmur mournfully in the ear. And this national misery every mind that can observe and reason, at once connects with its false and degrading religion. Just as in Spain, Italy, and Portugal, three of the loveliest lands under heaven, and rich in all the elements of natural prosperity, so in Ireland, we see that a false religion can convert fertile lands into barrenness. Look over the map of the world, and wherever Romanism reigns, you will find that prosperity withdraws. Look into the Bible and you will see the reason; for there God warns us, that national apostasy from the true worship and service of God, shall be followed with national judgment—"The Lord will make thy plagues wonderful." "Thou shalt not prosper in thy ways, and thou shalt be sorely oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee." "The rebellious dwell in a dry land." "This is a nation that obeyeth not the voice of the Lord their God, nor receiveth correction; *truth is perished, and is out off from their mouth.*"

Closely connected as the misery of Ireland is with the debasing superstition which overshadows it, the

more one observes and studies the working of that mystery of iniquity both in priest and people, the deeper will be the conviction of its malignant evils. Popery makes the LAW OF GOD of none effect by its traditions. Popery overthrows the GOSPEL OF THE GRACE OF GOD, by establishing a righteousness of its own. Popery is under the New Testament dispensation what Paganism was under the Old Testament dispensation. Paganism set Baal and Ashtaroath, and a host of false gods, in the place of the one living and true God. Popery substitutes many mediators in the place of the one Mediator. Popery would perpetuate its dark reign by extinguishing the light of the lamp of truth, and by persecuting all those who would oppose its own errors. Popery is man's and the devil's lie.*

The simple statistics will exhibit the measure of the strength of that evil system, and of the activity with which it is prosecuting its evil work. Out of the nine millions of Ireland's population, seven millions are the dupes of Popery. The number of its priests is about three thousand. There are two thousand two hundred and thirty Popish chapels. It numbers thirteen colleges. Maynooth alone gives education to five hundred students. More than one

* The reader may consult with profit "Ireland's Curse and Cure," by Rev. A. J. Campbell, Melrose.

hundred convents, nunneries, and monasteries, nourish within their seclusion fraternities and sisterhoods all ardent with an ill-begotten zeal. The national schools are, with few exceptions, subject to priestly influence, and thus are subservient to the perpetuating of Popery.

Well it is for British Christians to know somewhat of the character and practice of the priesthood of Popery. To hear many in general society speak of them, you might suppose them to be a race of "Father Clements"—men misled by the force of education—men groping their way to the truth, and whose very errors, severe only to themselves, demand our commiseration more than our reproof. Alas! how different the picture which an uninformed benevolent imagination draws from the reality. A priest of their own, "in whom the light and the laugh are contending for the mastery," often addresses crowds on fair days in the west, and openly assails the dissolute gallantries of the clergy, and warns the people, as they value the virtue of their female relatives, to keep them back from attending the confessional in any other than a public place. In truth, the position of these men proves a snare to many of them. They are brought into a condition which God never intended any class of men to occupy. They are cut off from all domestic enjoy-

ment. They lead joyless lives, and the wonder is not that they fall into sin. Many of them are dissipated in their habits. Passing a priest's home in an unfrequented district, I was told that he never rose until mid-day. I asked, "Does he drink?" "Yes," was the reply, "a quart each night." In a village near to where I was sojourning, we were told on a Monday of the priest entertaining a company on the Sabbath with potteen, dancing, and music, and prolonging the carousal until four next morning. Profanity goeth forth from the priest.

The distinction betwixt the priest of the olden time and the priest of Maynooth is well known. Inglis, in his Tour, thus describes it—"I found the old foreign educated priest a gentleman—a man of frank, easy deportment, and good general information; his brother of Maynooth I found either a *coarse, vulgar-minded man*, or a *stiff, close, and very conceited man*; but in every instance *Popish to the back-bone*—learned, I dare say in theology, but *profoundly ignorant of all that liberalizes the mind*—a hot zealot in religion, and fully impressed with a sense of his consequence and influence. It is the Maynooth priest who is the agitating priest." The reader will be able to form some opinion of the taste and acquirements of a Maynooth priest from what is subjoined. Rev. T. Obeirne, Roman Catholic curate at Croghan, and an

alumnus of Maynooth, was infatuated enough in an evil hour to engage in controversy with the Presbyterian Missionary, Rev. T. Y. Killen, when stationed at Camlin. His pamphlet sparkles with scattered gems. He entitles it "A Caution to the People of Ballinameen, and the Public at large, against the foul Production of the scurrilous Pamphleteer who styles himself T. Y. Killen." "He is playing the old tune over again, with a little variation; hence I call him *peeboragh an in Porth*, or the one-tune piper in addition to the ready-made parson. The abortive attempts at meeting my arguments remind one of the attempts of a pigmy waging war with a giant, or of a weak man contending with a strong man."—(P. 4.) "Let us analyse this opening sentence in the ready-made parson's tract of eleven pages—what a heavy tract! Oh, ho!!! 'Rather more than three months ago.' Now any person who is at all acquainted with the style of writing will immediately see that it is low cant; in this phrase he is guilty of what we call a redundancy. More than three months would be sufficient to express the idea, but the ready-made parson must put in the word 'rather' to show his ignorance of the English language and the figures of rhetoric."—(P. 10.) "He says Protestants and Presbyterians are the same, but they differ in matters of discipline—Romanism knows

nothing of this communion of saints. I suppose he alludes to St Luther, St Calvin, St Cranmer, St Harry, St Bess."—(P. 4.) "The account Melancthon gives of Luther is,—Luther was a brutal man, void of piety and humanity—one more a Jew than a Christian."—(P. 12.) "He sets himself up as the champion of the Protestant Church (they have a right to be proud of their champion, Tom Thumb, or Jack the Giant-killer)."—(P. 8.) But quotation fails in giving a correct idea of Mr Obeirne's pamphlet. It is a conglomeration of vulgarity and abuse, of bad grammar, bad logic, and deplorable ignorance. While his controversial pen publishes its own weakness, this priest boasts of the more formidable and cogent appliance of the black thorn and horsewhip. Coming from men of this cast, it is easy to see how, amongst an ignorant and superstitious people, the altar curse should be the signal for assault, and blood, and death. Apart altogether from the falseness of the religion which they profess, it cannot be, if the country is overrun by men of such low and coarse minds as teachers of the people, but that the tide of civilisation will be rolled back, and the reign of barbarism prolonged.*

To weaken the overgrown power of the priest-

* For farther acquaintance with the priests, see "Ireland Open to the Gospel," by the Rev. Moody Stewart of Edinburgh.

hood in Ireland, God has been pleased to employ the famine, making the people to see that it is to Protestant sympathy and to Protestant benevolence they have to look in the day of distress. But another agency, and one more abiding in its results, is also at work. It seems feeble. It resembles the sand which God hath placed for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves yet can they not prevail; though they roar yet can they not pass over it. Popery is lifting up its waves and making a mighty noise in rolling its roaring surges to the shore; but God is providing a generation of little children, which, seemingly and separately insignificant, like the grains of sand on the seashore, will yet present a barrier against which Popery will spend its foam and its fury in fruitless rage. The *school* is the Mission's strength. The school is Ireland's hope. The schools connected with the Presbyterian Mission are full of vigour and full of hope, because they employ the Bible as the grand lesson-book of all that is true and of all that is good, and because it is taught prayerfully and reverently, as becometh the oracles of God to be taught. The children soon learn that the Word of God is supreme in all things relating to religion—above the authority of Priest and of Church. They know that they have Christ's

warrant to search it, and the assurance of his promise, that he will give them the guidance and teaching of his Holy Spirit when they ask this heavenly gift to attend the reading of it. "When you left Rome," said the Address of the Popular Club to the Pope, "the Bible entered it." So here, when the Bible enters the school the priest leaves it; for priests have experienced to their confusion that the Word speaks truly when it says, "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of their enemies, that thou mightest still be the enemy and the avenger." One of these brow-beating priests went into a Mission school. He asked one of the boys, "What is a mortal sin?" The boy replied, "To break the second commandment, Sir." Priest—"And what do you call the second commandment?" Boy—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. *Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them,*" &c. This was more than enough for the priest. He hastened off and left the boy to finish his answer. At the seven stations upwards of 2000 children, almost all of them children of Roman Catholic parents, and who would otherwise have grown up as uncared for as the wild ass's colt, receive instruction.

The Sabbath school comes in aid of the Day school, and deepens and elevates religious impressions. The Church follows, and throws its hallowing influence over all. Scripture readers carry on the work through the week, entering when they find an open door, and bringing the message of peace with them. And for the sake of adults and aged persons who may not understand English sufficiently, that no means may be wanting, there are Irish Scripture readers, who read the Word and address the people in their native tongue. At each of the principal stations is settled a minister or preacher, "spirit-stirred and spirit-stirring men," we trust, doing diligently the work of Evangelists, and eager

"To win the wilderness to God."

Superintending the whole Mission is the Rev. Robert Allen, eminently fitted by the Great Head of the Church for a position so important, exhibiting in his care of all the Churches, and in his kindness to all his fellow-labourers, in planning, in counselling, in corresponding, and in providing, the true model of a New Testament bishop. Here is seen the Episcopacy of Presbytery—equality of office with extended duty—and he who superintends all occupies but the same standing as a minister of Christ with the humblest of his brethren, and is superior only through his higher gifts and greater experience. It is no

lordly dignity, subjecting all to the individual will, but a moral pre-eminence, acknowledged by all, and subservient to the greater edification of the Church.

All that is needed to a machinery so perfect, is the presence of the Lord who has ordained it. As in Ezekiel's vision the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels, animating and directing them, so may the Holy Spirit animate and direct this spiritual machinery to the salvation of souls and the glory of His grace ! It was in former days from the extreme borders of a Missionary station that the revival arose which overspread Ulster with its blessed influences. "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give him no rest, till he establish, and till he make Jerusalem a praise in the earth."

But a very grave question will yet press on the mind of the benevolent—After you have educated the children, how will you then dispose of them ? It has been found from Parliamentary investigation, that about one-third of Ireland's population are for more than half of the year without employment, and consequently in a state of complete destitution, and the ready tools of every rash and lawless movement. The danger is, that after these children are thrown loose from the wholesome discipline of the school, they will have no scope for the exercise of good and industrious habits, and will thus fall back into idle-

ness, and poverty, and profligacy. This is a danger much to be dreaded. But the remedy is near at hand ; and it is as obvious and as extensive as is the evil. If a profitable and well-encouraged industry were only let in upon the fertile but presently waste fields of Ireland—if agricultural and Christian enterprise were but united in this great work, Ireland's captivity might be turned again, as the streams in the south.

There has been an experiment of this kind made already in Ballyglen, by Mr Callander of Edinburgh. He has established a model farm there, in connection with the Presbyterian Mission. The proprietorship is disposed of in shares, and an experienced and practical steward from Scotland manages the farm. The experiment continues to succeed to expectation. An encouraging per centage is yielded to the proprietors. A respectable settler is secured in the person of the steward and his family. Employment is afforded to the people in the neighbourhood. Excellent crops are reared ; and the eyes of the surrounding farmers are directed to the wonderful results which skill and industry can accomplish. The "Times" newspaper has noticed with high commendation this Ballyglen model farm. Encouraged by the success of this praiseworthy enterprise, endeavours are now being made to establish a second model farm

in the neighbourhood of the Foxford station. And should God so prosper these endeavours as to endue with the needful liberality and philanthropy the parties who shall be applied to, soon will the scheme be completed, and its beneficial influence be felt both over the Mission and the neighbourhood. Better aid the friends of Ireland could not furnish to her than by connecting a model farm with every Mission station.

Even a greater and more general good would be effected if the thoughts of good men and experienced agriculturists were turned to the west of Ireland as a place of settlement. Much there is in the present state of Connaught to encourage such designs. The outrages to which ejection gave rise cannot now occur, for the land is waste, without occupant. Landlords are now willing to grant leases on reasonable terms to enterprising and respectable tenants. Around Turlough, with the county town of Castlebar at hand, farms might be had at 10s. per acre; and in the neighbourhood of Camlin, with the town of Boyle not far off, farms of one hundred acres and upwards might be rented at the same price. In both districts the land is of excellent quality, dry, and requiring little drainage. Whatever might be thought of the reasoning which in other days prevented Christians from engaging in Missionary labours abroad, because

there was so much heathenism at home, this question has an acknowledged practical force—why should the emigrant banish himself to foreign shores, when in Ireland he might have sufficient scope for his industry, and a profitable employment of his capital ? Instead of being regarded as hostile intruders, men of the right stamp will be hailed on all hands as public benefactors. They will find willing and grateful labourers prepared to serve them ; and while, by the blessing of God on their lawful endeavours, they might improve their own circumstances, they might at the same time, by a godly example, greatly benefit their fellow-men around them. Were such settlers as William Hamilton of Ballybrae, in the times of Livingstone, scattered though it were but here and there, they would act as the preserving salt of society. This island of the sea might rise from out of her long desolation, and, catching the hope which faith awakens, might joyfully sing this new song :—“ Then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.”

Christian Reader, help on this joyful consummation by your interest, your prayers, and your liberality. Consider the case of poor Connaught, and God will bless you. For this is His holy promise—“ Blessed

is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth," Ps. xli. 1, 2.

THE END.

EDINBURGH: JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER, 104 HIGH STREET.

